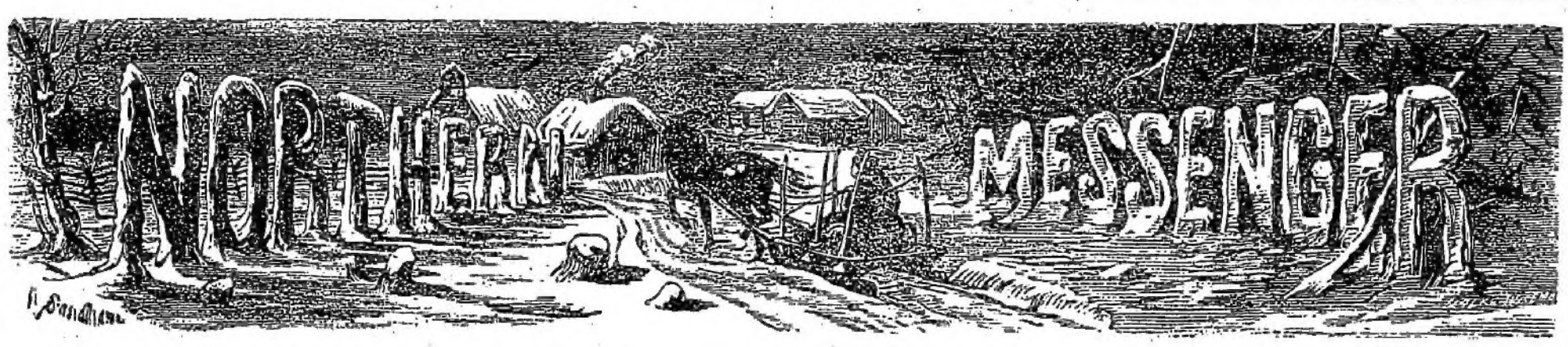


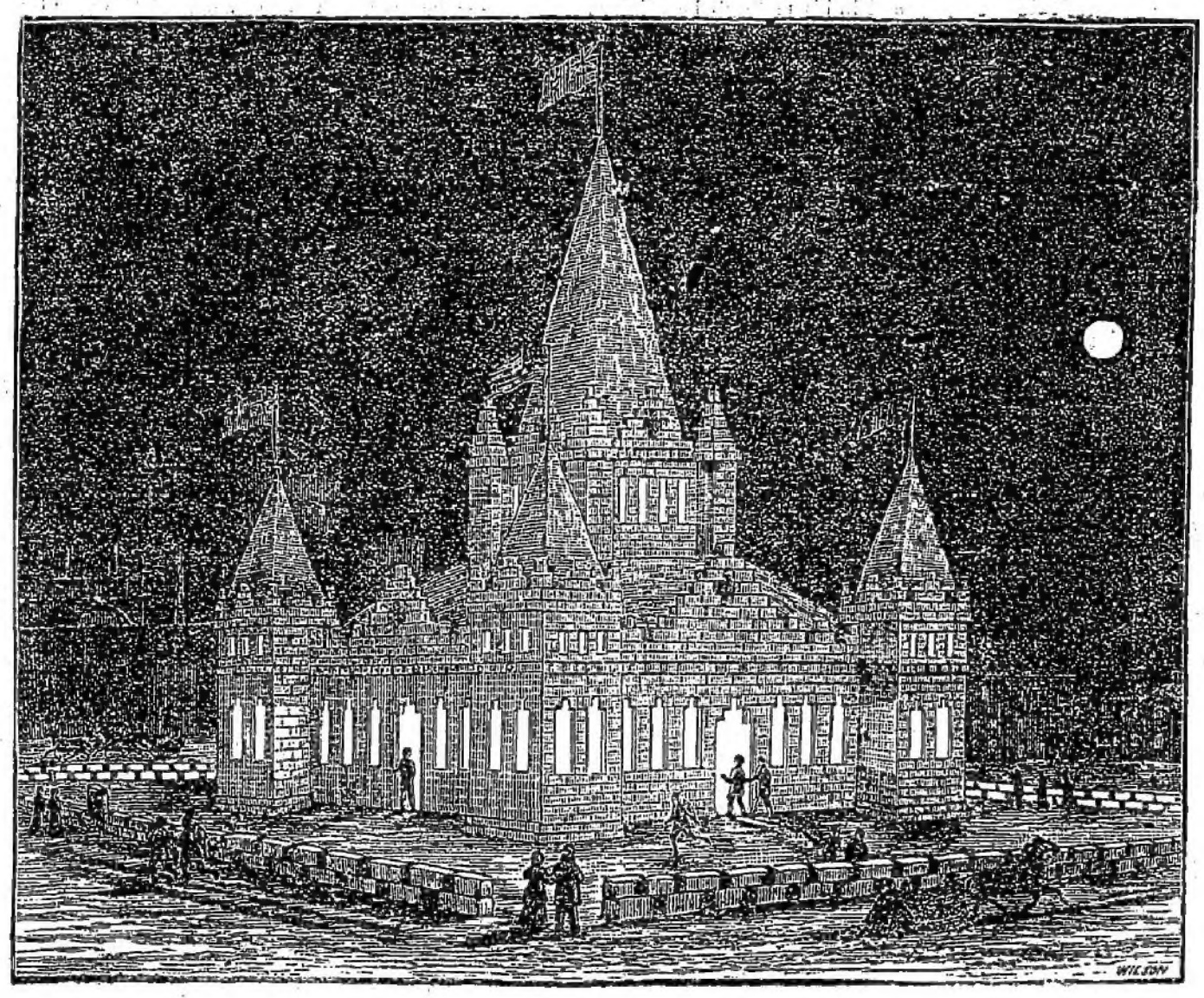
DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVIII., No 4. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1883. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

THE PLEASURES OF WINTER.

Canadians have their winter and the pleasures it brings. Its long evenings usually are spent around the fireside in readings and study or else outside in the bracing atmosphere enjoying the winter sports which have such attractions to those who once have enjoyed them. But those who have not experienced a Canadian winter seem to have a very different opinion of it and judge of it only by the record made on their thermometer on cold bleak days at home, when it registers a few degrees below the ordinary temperature.

The people of Montreal recognizing these facts, and finding it impossible to make people outside of their country believe in the pleasures of its winter, determined to bring as many of them as possible to their city in what is usually the coldest week of the year, the third week of January. As an inducement they built a palace of ice about ninety feet square having a tower at each corner fifty feet high and one in the centre over one hundred feet high, and all lighted up with twelve electric lights. The blocks of which the palace were built were cut from the the St. Lawrence, each one measuring three feet by one foot six inches in size, and all were frozen together to make one solid mass. In addition they promised their visitors slides down their toboggan hills, rides on their railway over the ice bridge that crosses the river at this city, a grand torchlight procession by the different snow-shoe clubs dressed in their pretty blanket uniforms, such a fancy dress carnival in the skating rink as they could see no where else, a grand curling bonspiel, dinners and other amusements. As a result during the week the city was crowded, the enthusiasm and pleasure of the visitors knew no bounds and the people of the city were asked to renew their invitation next year when, if accommodation could be obtained thousands of guests would flock to the cold frosty north to enjoy themselves.



MONTREAL ICE PALACE.

No! the winter of Canada is not a drawback. It builds up strong, vigorous men and women, it makes roads in places that otherwise would be impassible, it is one of its greatest blessings and should be recognized as such.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Though I am not much more than a child myself, there is something I should like to ask you to remember. It is that "we all can do something for Jesus." However young we may be, or in whatever circumstances, if we love Jesus, there is work for us to do for Him. He will not despise us because we are but children, for he loves his "lambs" and has work for each one to do. He has given each of us talents to use for his glory, and there is a special place for each, in which we can glorify God.

Are we trying day by day to do something for Jesus? If we are his little servants He will help us to work for Him, each in our "small corner," that we may shine for Him, and show to those around us the reality of our profession.

It is such a blessed thing to begin to work for Jesus while we are young. So many have to mourn that their early days were not spent for Him, and they did not learn to love and serve him until twenty or thirty years of their life had been wasted. If we love Jesus while we are children, what a beautiful, happy, and useful life ours will be! Every year we shall learn more about Him, and grow more like Him, and when we are old, how we shall praise God for a whole life spent in his service!

My youngest sister was converted while she was very young. When she was twelve years old, she asked our two servants if they were Christians, and spoke to them about Jesus. They became very anxious to be saved and Jesus answered their prayers, and made them happy in his love. They told my mother after they were converted that it was through my sister's speaking to them that they first began to see their need of a Saviour. So God used her, you see, although she was little more than a child. Let us never be afraid to speak for Jesus, or to show to those around us that our aim is to please Him in our lives, and He will bless us, and make us a blessing to others. Then, when the "sowing" is all over, even we who are but children may come rejoicing, bringing sheaves for our Master. God grant that when the great harvest-time comes, we may all be among the "reapers."—*The Christian.*

THE FIRST BUTTON WRONG.

"Dear me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong and that made all the rest wrong!" and Janet tugged away, and fretted, as if the poor buttons were quite to blame for her trouble.

"Patience! patience!" said mamma, smiling at the little fretful face, "and next time look out for the wrong button; then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, as the last button was put in its place, and the scowling face was smooth once more, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another are sure to follow."

Janet remembered how, one day not long ago, she struck baby Alice; that was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it: that was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because one went wrong—because her naughty little hand struck baby! The best thing she could do, to make it right again, was to tell mamma how naughty she had been, and ask her to forgive her; but that was much harder than just to do the buttons again.

Janet thought it all over, and between the buttons and her very unhappy day, I think she learned never again to forget to look out for the first wrong deed.—*Herald of Mercy.*

WE NEED TO LEARN the lesson that this life is given us only that we may attain to eternal life. For lack of remembering this, we fix our affections on the things of this fleeting world, and when the time comes that we must quit it, we are all aghast and terrified.—*Fuller.*

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Temperance Department.

FROM THE SALOON TO THE PRISON.

Mrs. Emma Molloy relates the following incident in one of her speeches referring to the relation of intemperance to crime:

In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kans., prison, during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a young boy, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, on the front seat intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing, it spoke volumes to me. At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me, his face grew deathly pale, and as I grasped his hand he could not restrain the fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion he said:

"I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me, the first woman that has spoken to me."

"How is this, my child?" I asked. "Have you no friends that love you? Where is your mother?

The great brown eyes swimming with tears, were slowly uplifted to mine as he replied—

"My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid, and fearing that the knowledge of my terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful homesickness in silence for her sake."

As he buried his face in his hands, and heartsick sobs burst from his trembling frame, it seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of homesick longing, that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask, "How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years!" was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Five years at your age!" I exclaimed, "How did this happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started out from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth, I found a cheap boarding-house, and one night accepted an invitation from some of the young men to go into a drinking saloon. For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my brain. There is a confused remembrance of a quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. The bloody knife was found in my hand. I was indicted for assault with intent to kill. Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth that 'the way of the transgressor is hard!'"

I was holding the cold trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp as imploringly he said,

"Oh, Mrs. Molloy, I want to ask a favor of you."

At once I expected he was going to ask me to help obtain a pardon, and in an instant I measured the weight of public reproach that rests upon the victims of its legalized drink traffic. It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys, but not by any means wise to ask that the State pardon its victim. Interpreting my thought, he said, "I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother, and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just get a line from her so I can look upon it. Oh! I am so homesick for my mother."

The head of the boy dropped down into my lap with a wailing sob. I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent. Presently I said, "Murray, if I were your mother, and the odor of a thousand prisons were upon you, still you would be my boy. I should want to know where you were. Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose there has ever been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole *truth*, just as one mother can write it to another."

After some argument, his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—Your letter *was this day* received, and I hasten to thank you for your words of tender sympathy and for tidings of my boy—the first word we have had in two years. When Murray left home we thought it would not be for long. . . . As the months have rolled on, the family have given him up as dead, but I felt sure God would give me back my boy. As I write from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W. nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him, if I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his dear head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child. My poor, dear boy—so generous, so kind and loving. What could he have done to deserve this punishment? You do not mention his crime, but you say it was committed while under the influence of drink. I did not know he even tasted liquor. We have raised six boys, and I have never known one of them to be under the influence of drink. Oh! is there no place in this nation that is safe when our boys have left the home-fold? O God! my sorrow is greater than I can bear. I cannot go to him, but, sister, I pray you to talk to him, and comfort him, as you would have some mother talk to your boy were he in his place. Tell him that when he is released, his place in the old home-nest and in his mother's heart is waiting for him.

Then followed loving mother words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heartbreak, I asked myself the question, "How long will this nation continue this covenant with death and league with hell to rob us of our boys?"—*Inter Ocean.*

SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH ALCOHOL.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

Charlie Kenson was much interested in the accounts he had heard from his cousin Sophia of the experiments with alcohol in the Temperance school. So he made an *engagement to go* with her as soon as possible; but in spite of their plans they were late in arriving. When they went in Charlie saw how much it looked like a Sunday-school. There were all the classes with their teachers, and they were reading a scripture exercise. He looked, expecting to see Bibles in their hands; but no, it was a little paper-covered book with responsive exercises in the back of it. Sophia had one of her own, and he looked over and read with her, and when they were through he looked at the book. It was the "Catechism on Alcohol," and in the main part of the book were questions and answers on that subject. He did not think much of catechisms anyway, and he did not suppose he would care for this, but he soon saw the boys in the class near him reciting and listening very eagerly. They seemed trying who could say it the best, and when the superintendent began to talk he saw why, for he talked about what was in the catechism and explained it. The catechism said:

"What is alcohol?" "A liquid poison," &c. The superintendent asked: "How many of you have seen alcohol?" and a few hands went up. "What does it look like?" "Water." "Yes, and they look so nearly alike that you cannot easily tell them apart, can you?" and he held up two vials, each nearly filled with a clear-looking fluid. "One of these is alcohol, and one is water. Which is alcohol?"

"The one in the left hand," "The one in the right," the answers came, but it was plain enough they could not tell, and the next question was, "How can we find out?" "Taste it," "Smell it," "Burn it," said a few of the scholars.

"You must excuse me from tasting. We ought to know it by the smell, but there is a quicker way to show it to you all."

Then he took the corks from the wide-mouthed vials, and, folding a strip of paper he dipped one end in one vial and the other in the other. "Now," said he, "one end of this paper is wet with water and the other with alcohol; which will burn quickest?"

"The one with alcohol," said a bright little girl quickly.

"Let us try," said the superintendent, as he lighted a match and tried one end of the paper which did not burn. "Water, water!" came from the eager children. "Yes, that is wet with water. Now we will try the other," and in an instant the blaze shot up several inches. It was easy enough for all to say "Alcohol" to this, and then they watched to see it burn across till it came to the part wet with water, and some one called out: "Burn your fingers!" But the fingers held the wet part, and in the water was safety. When the fire came to that it went out entirely, and then there was a small shout.

"Keep to the water and you are safe from the alcohol. We expect the water-drinkers to put alcohol out entirely as a drink. Alcohol is good to burn, but water is the safe thing to drink. We can make alcohol do us good service in the burning line, because it burns without smoke. It is very convenient for the jewellers, for it heats their work without blackening it. Here is an alcohol lamp such as jewellers use"; and he lighted the lamp and passed a plate through the blaze to show that it did not blacken. Then he poured some alcohol into a silver spoon and burned it, and it did not blacken the spoon. Then he explained that this alcohol was strong, that it was only about one-fourth water, that gin and brandy would also burn, but that we could not prove that there was alcohol in cider and wine and beer in this way, because there was too much water with it, and it would not burn.

Some other things he said in his fifteen minutes talk, and then he asked questions to see if it was remembered, and after some singing and speaking pieces the school closed. But those experiments—oh! the boys did like them so much, and the girls too. Sophia declared she was going to study chemistry so that she could know all about it. She meant to be a superintendent herself some day. As for Charlie, he made up his mind to see more of that temperance school and of the experiments, if they had them.

BOYS AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

LESSON VII.—ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN STOMACH.

Besides a sedative, what is an effect of alcohol when taken into the animal body?

A first effect of alcohol when taken into the animal body is, to produce what is called irritation.

What is irritation when applied to the animal body?

Irritation is an unusual action in any of its parts.

How is irritation in any part of an animal body caused?

Irritation in any part of the animal body is caused by contact with what is both disturbing and injurious.

How is it known that alcohol, when taken into the animal body, produces this irritation?

We know it from the character of alcohol itself, to which may be added the demonstration of universal experience.

Suppose this irritation is continued by the frequent use of alcohol, what follows?

One of two things follows: either the mouth, and throat, and stomach lose sensibility, or irritation is followed by inflammation.

What is the consequence of the loss of sensibility in the stomach and in the organs leading to it?

Much of the natural pleasure that comes of taking common, healthy food and drink is at an end.

What is inflammation?

Inflammation is the pain, redness, heat and swelling, caused by an irritation of any part of the animal body.

Does inflammation always follow irritation?

It does, unless the cause that produces the irritation is removed.

THE WAY to avoid great faults is to beware of lesser faults.

EARNEST COUNSEL.

MR. EDITOR: To "E. E. C." in the Home Department, I wish to say, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." He says he quit the use of tobacco, "by the grace of God," last September. You are on shaky ground, my brother, as *long as* you remain where you are, "in a large tobacco house," where once I was, and abstained from its use for three years only to return to it "like a dog to his vomit." If you continue in the grace of God you will grow in grace, and add to your "virtue, knowledge." And that knowledge which maketh wise as serpents, and harmless as doves will also teach you that you cannot go upon hot coals and not have your feet burned. Neither can you remain in the tobacco business and not return to its use. (I speak from experience) much less grow into a good Christian character. We have good, honest Christian blacksmiths, carpenters, and even boatmen, whose example and witness for Christ is not doubted, but I have yet to find an earnest, working Christian tobacconist, or one whose life has been spent in this pursuit. God does not "give that which is holy unto the dogs," or His Spirit freely unto workers of iniquity. So come out, my brother; let not Christ, when He comes, find you in a business founded by the evil one to destroy man's body, which is "the temple of the Holy Ghost," but, "Cease to do evil, and learn to do good." "So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

ONE WHO HAS PROVED IT.

N. Y. Witness.

RESPECT THE BODY.—A writer in the *Hearth and Home* has some sensible ideas on the subject of bodily health. He says: "Respect the body. Give it what it requires, and no more." "Don't pierce its ears, strain its eyes, or pinch its feet; don't roast it by a hot fire all day, and smother it under heavy bed covering at night; don't put it in a cold draught on slight occasions, and don't nurse or pet it to death; don't dose it with doctors' stuffs, and, above all, don't turn it into a wine cask or a chimney. Let it be 'warranted not to smoke,' from the time your manhood takes possession. Respect the body; don't over work, over rest, or over love it, and never debase it, but be able to lay down when you are done with it, a well worn but not a misused thing. Meantime, treat it at least as well as you would your pet horse or hound, and, my word for it, though it will not jump to China at a bound, you'll find it a most excellent thing to have—especially in the country."

THE "TEMPERANCE SCHOOL" is a little five-cent hand-book describing that institution from superintendent to infant class, and telling how to organize and conduct it. For fifty cents the teacher's outfit will be sent post paid, containing, "Temperance School Catechism," "Manual," "Ripples of Song," and tracts. A temperance school is better than a Band of Hope, because it is the proper place for children to be learners. They have not resources to conduct a society, and there is no real advantage in setting them to play at it. They are quite content without office in the Sunday-school and in day-school, and they will be in the temperance school if it is not put into their heads. Young people make excellent teachers in the temperance school, but sometimes it is desirable to have older people come in to start the work until the young people become interested.—*Youth's Temperance Banner, published by the National Temperance Society, New York.*

BISHOP KEEN, of Richmond, Va., in a recent address, said: "I again appeal to all Catholics engaged in the liquor business, and beg of them, for the love of our Lord Jesus, not to sell liquor on Sunday. I also most earnestly entreat and exhort all Catholics never to buy liquor on Sunday, nor to enter any place where it is sold on that day."

EVERY SERMON that is a sermon must leave on the mind of the hearer these two impressions: "This is the thing to be done," and "I am the man who must do it."—*National Baptist.*

HE THAT SEEKS the Lord by prayer in trouble, should seek the Lord with praise when the trouble is past; "I will praise thee, for thou hast heard me."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHILDREN'S FOOD.

BY MARY MAYNE.

The chief business of a child is to grow. A beautiful development of every part of the body is the foundation of growth in its broadest sense, which includes the mental and spiritual nature. The food a child eats is therefore a matter of vital importance. So, also, his sleep, his exercise, the air he breathes—everything that affects his bodily growth.

"Simple, nutritious food." How often is this repeated in the ears of parents! Yet in a majority of households the arrangements are such that the children eat just what the adult members of the family eat—often a most unsuitable diet. It is certainly desirable for children, when old enough to manage spoon and fork with moderate dexterity, to sit at the same table with their parents, Half the pleasant family intercourse is lost otherwise. But unless the dishes served are plain and simple, or some are denied to them, injurious results are sure to follow. There must be a great reform in the average American dinner before children can safely eat of everything upon the table. But until such reform parents need to make special arrangements or restrictions.

If children understand from their first coming to the family table that some articles are not designed for them they will seldom feel the denial a hardship. We have seen a little girl of eight years, night after night, happily take her bread and butter and milk at the dinner-table and never think of asking for anything else or appear to want anything different.

"Carrie is seven," said a very careful mother, not long ago, "and she doesn't know how pie tastes." Happy ignorance as pie is often made! It is distressing to see pale, puny little ones devouring rich pastry, which, indigestible for any one, is little less than poisonous to a feeble child. But pie is not unwholesome because it is pie, nor cake because it is cake. Bread is worse than cake, if the one be hot and heavy and the other light and plain. No mother-duty is more important than the giving of personal attention to the food her children eat. One of the very foundations of comfortable family life is the regular serving of well-prepared meals.

It is generally safe to satisfy the healthy appetite of a child with suitable food at regular times. If some incline to over-eating this is ordinarily the result of early mismanagement. Sometimes a delicate, peculiarly organized child may need to be adroitly coaxed to eat what he really requires. Such cases are not rare; but the difficulty, of course, arises from the general health.

When young children need something to eat between meals, let it be systematically given about midway between them—not half an hour before the regular meal, when it will surely take away the appetite. Nibbling crackers, candy, and eating fruit all along through the day is plainly harmful. Even a very young child can understand and be interested in a simple explanation of the use of good food in making blood, bone and muscle, of the necessity of mastication and the intervals of rest from work demanded by the stomach.

Respect the tastes of children about food, while at the same time guarding against becoming fastidious. But they should never be forced to eat what is really distasteful to them.

Many mothers complain of the difficulty of providing suitable school-lunches. It is a problem. A long intermission, giving time for pupils to go home to a simple dinner, would remedy a great evil. Step into a city bakery, near any school, between twelve and one o'clock. You will find it crowded with children hastily swallowing cake, buns, tarts, pie. Is it strange that school-children are pale and delicate? If mothers would take the trouble upon themselves of putting into the little basket a wholesome appetizing lunch, they would have their reward. The child not knowing what is prepared will relish it better. But variety is important. We have known boys and girls to acquire an inveterate dislike for certain articles, simply from having them, week after week, as a lunch at school. —*Christian Union.*

PIE PLATES.

Eunice has been going to the cooking-school lately, and she says pies are not sensible food; that they are injurious. I have heard that hinted a good many times, but never so decidedly as now. Modern science is really doing some good when it comes practically into our kitchens and dispenses with some of the hardest things women have to do.

Grandma took another look through her glasses at the pile of pie plates lying on the table.

Eunice said they might just as well be put on the top shelf of the china closet, where they would be out of the way, and kept clean from dust.

Grandma said she never realized before how many they had; the deep yellow ones for custard, squash and pumpkin pies; the blue-edged ones for apple, plum and mince: "What lots of money we must have expended for them!"

"That's nothing compared to the price of lard, spice and flour, with the fruit thrown in," said mother who really heaved a sigh of relief, as Eunice packed them away. "But what is father going to do without pies?"

"He will never miss them when he gets used to the sensible dishes with which I propose to tempt his appetite; and it's my opinion he will be very glad to miss his headaches and some of the grocery bills."

Mother thought of the possible new dresses.

"And while we are about to reform let us dispense with this kettle of suspicious looking lard."

"Doughnuts!" exclaimed grandma, "you don't say they are injurious too? What shall we do with our spare time? Oh! the hours and days of my life that have gone to making pies and doughnuts! What will the children eat?"

"They will eat fruit and good home-made bread and vegetables, and be healthy and good-natured," said Eunice.

"And no more doctor's bills," said father, as he came in and sanctioned the teachings of the new cooking-school. — *Woman's Journal.*

USEFUL HINTS.

A knowledge of many little facts that are not always to be had systematically laid down in books, but which descend traditionally from mother to daughter by word of mouth, is often more useful to the sorely bested young house mistress than all the Latin and mathematics that she learned at school can be. She may know how to play Beethoven's sonatas so as to hold a drawing room breathless and entranced, but it stands her poorly if, while she plays, a great ink spot on the drawing room carpet stares her in the face, that she does not know how to wash out with milk, and clean up afterward with warm and nice soap-suds, or a grease spot that could have been absorbed out of existence by frequent applications of magnesia or buckwheat flour, if she had only known enough to sprinkle it abundantly on the spot and brush it off afterward. What does it benefit her that her ready wit and repartee can keep a whole dinner table gay, while the fine cookery, that at no end of trouble she has taught her cook, keeps them contented, if the company are forced all the time to be nervously flirting hats and napkins and adjectives against the pestiferous flies that she could have driven away by leaving in the room, an hour or so beforehand, a little preparation of equal quantities of cream and brown sugar, and half as much black pepper, had her mother ever known as much, or thought to tell her of it? Of what use is it to her, living possibly far from bakeries and bread shops, to keep crackers, for instance, in the house if she has never learned how to freshen them by leaving them for three minutes in a hot oven, or to prevent them being nibbled all over by ants by strewing the store-room shelves with a few cloves, occasionally renewed? Such things are trifles, each one by itself, of course, but half a hundred such things can contribute very materially to comfort and good nature in a family.

If the knowledge that the steam of green tea will revive her rusty black lace, and make it as fresh as new, has not descended to her, of what good is it that the lace has? Or why should she have a costly bit of the beautiful Brussels lace in her keeping if nobody has ever told her to shut it away from the air, or from peculiarly strong perfume? She will spend more presently in frequent repairs and re-dressings than the lace cost in the first place. She can afford possibly to wear gold embroidery, in an era of gilding, if she knows enough to clean it, when it tarnishes, with a brush dipped in burned and pulverized rock alum; and she may be splendid and graceful in long, white ostrich plumes that would need as long a purse to provide frequently, if she had never seen them dipped and dipped again in the thick, warm lather of curd soap, then rinsed and dried, and curled over a knitting needle before the fire. She may be the best of cooks, and know how to make twenty different omelets, but if she is not acquainted with the fact that a little salt rubbed on the discolored egg-spoon will restore its silver tint, she would better not serve the eggs in any shape.

What right has she to be at the head of a family if she is not sufficiently mistress of herself and a few surgical facts to arrest the bleeding of a cut limb by a tight ligature between the cut and the pulsing heart? If she does not know that always handy mustard and water will empty the stomach that has received poison, or that the white of an egg, when administered internally, will transform corrosive sublimate with its deadly torture in the simple salivation of blue mass? If she cannot distinguish between apoplexy and drunkenness by knowing that the limb will convulsively withdraw in the former case, if the sole of the foot be tickled, and does not then further know that the clothing must be loosened, and blisters applied to the calves of the legs, the pit of the stomach and the back of the neck, and if she be a pioneer's wife, it would be a useful thing for her to remember that when her grandmother was a pioneer's wife before her, she found pine sawdust nearly as good as soap with which to wash her linen.—*Harper's Bazar.*

FLANNELS.

No one who has a reasonable claim to intelligence and personal neatness will wear the same flannels at night that are worn by day. The body is either throwing off the waste semi-putrid, poisonous matters of the ever-decaying tissues, more than one-half of all taken as food and drink passing off through seven millions of pores, which act as sewers. These poisons appear on the surface as sensible perspiration, or are passing so imperceptibly as not to be seen, in the latter form particularly when warm in bed. They become lodged on the skin, or in the meshes of the clothing, and will become absorbed if not removed. Hence the necessity for a regular wash or cleansing of the whole surface daily, in the warm weather more especially, while the use of the crash towel or the flesh-brush may well be substituted in the cold weather. The flesh-brush is excellent in the winter, as a means of cleanliness and for the circulation of the blood, one-half of which should be kept in the small vessels of the skin. If not thus kept, the extremities, particularly the feet, will be too cold for comfort and health, since no one can be really healthy who uniformly has cold feet and a hot head.

A bath may be injudicious in cold weather, but not the use of the brush.—*Selected.*

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint of New Orleans molasses, one coffee-cup melted butter; boil together ten minutes. When cold add one teaspoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and two of soda. Use as much flour as will work in conveniently; roll very thin, and bake lightly.

ANN'S COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar; flour to roll thin, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; caraway seeds of nutmeg, and even ginger is used if people prefer it. They will keep for two months in a dry place.

CRUST COFFEE.—Cut in two and brown evenly in an oven, Graham biscuits or bread crusts; pour boiling water to these and let boil a few minutes; strain and season with cream and sugar, and you have a most palatable drink for the sick.

SAUCE FOR FISH.—Two ounces of butter, one-half cup vinegar, one teaspoonful ground mustard, one teaspoonful salt, a little pepper; let this boil, then add one cup of milk and yolks of two eggs. Let this just boil, stirring all the time.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

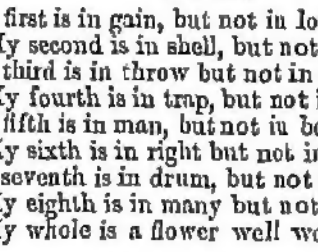
(*From the German.*)

Above a dull gray sea behold
A bridge of opal gleaming bright;
Ere one swift moment could be told
It sprung up to its giddy height.

The mightiest ship, with tallest mast,
Beneath its arch could issue free.
No foot across it e'er hath passed
Approach it, and it seems to flee.

It rises where the streams abound,
And falls whene'er the floods are laid.
Now tell me where that bridge is found,
And who its mighty arch has made.

DIAMOND.



1. A letter.
2. A resinous substance.
3. A town in the north of France famous for its thread and cotton manufactories.
4. A city in the Arabian desert whose ruins still excite the wonder of modern travellers.
5. A river in Scotland.
6. Before.
7. A letter.

HIDDEN AUTHORS.

1. At Geneva we took a row on the lake at sunset.
2. It is computed that Virginia, at the very least, owes thirty millions.
3. Beware of a moonlight stroll, O pensive and susceptible youth.
4. In travelling, do not burden yourself with things you never need.
5. A swallow does not make a summer, nor a single verse a poet.

SUBTRACTION PUZZLE.

Drop every other letter, beginning with the second.—*Example*: heavy-hay.

Subtract from like a chorus and leave a mineral.

Subtract from sword-shaped and leave a walk.

Subtract from a fruit and leave one who bakes.

Subtract from a Northern animal and leave an excursion on horseback.

Subtract from justice and leave parts of a fish.

ENIGMA.

My first is in gain, but not in loss;
My second is in shell, but not in rock;
My third is in throw but not in toss;
My fourth is in trap, but not in knock;
My fifth is in man, but not in boy;
My sixth is in right but not in wrong;
My seventh is in drum, but not in toy;
My eighth is in many but not in throng;
My whole is a flower well worth a song.

WELL-KNOWN NOVELS.

1, A pronoun, a large covered waggon, and a garden-tool. 2, an inclosure and a familiar hymn tune. 3, A cold and cheerless dwelling. 4, Equally distant from the extremities and a month of the year. 5, Reluctant and to ventilate. 6, A number of a certain kind of tree.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Cur-rant—Currant.

BEHEADINGS.—Flower, lower. Acorn, corn. Scamp, camp. Grave, rave. Hearth, earth.

RIDDLE.—The letter M.

HIDDEN PLACES IN ONTARIO.—1. Pembroke. 2. Owen Sound. 3. Coldwater. 4. Raleham. 5. Goodwood. 6. Listowel. 7. Newmarket. 8. Moore.

ANAGRAMS.—1, Eva grin—vinegar; 2, train me—raiment; 3, mother—her Tom; 4, ray cumes—sycamore; 5, apricots—coat rips; 6, courage—our cage; 7, ma lost—almost; 8, we sat—waste.

WORD-SQUARES.—

BRAD	EDEN
RACE	DATE
AURE	ETTA
DEER	NEAR

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—1. Orang-outang. 2. Rhinoceros. 3. Kangaroo. 4. Flamingo. 5. Pheasant. 6. Mastodon. 7. Hippopotamus. 8. Dromedary. 9. Deer. 10. Giraffe. 11. Racoon. 12. Hyena.

GRAHAM COOKIES.—Shave two cups maple sugar, stir with one of butter, one egg, one cup sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, Graham flour. Use white flour on the mixing-board; brown sugar may be used.

THE LOTUS.

The singular beauty and usefulness of the large water-lily, called the Lotus, have in all ages attracted to it an extraordinary interest; and, combined with the fables of the Egyptians, the Hindoos and the Chinese have exalted it in the East to honors almost divine.

It was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians. Representations of it were sculptured upon the monuments; the sun was seen rising from it, and Osiris and other deities sat upon it, or were crowned with it.

In India and Ceylon the flower is held very sacred. When princes enter the idol temple they have this flower in their hands, and when the priests sit in silent thought it is placed in a vase before them. It is related that a native, upon entering Sir William Jones' study, seeing flowers of this beautiful plant lying upon the table for examination, prostrated himself before them.

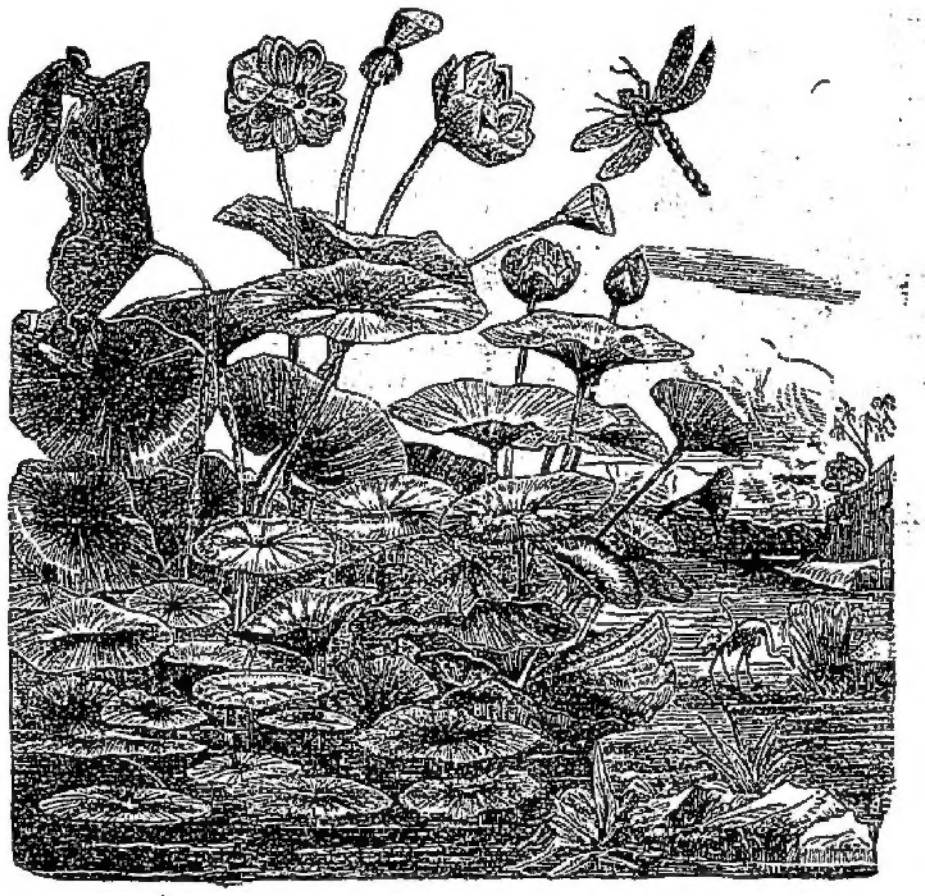
The Sanscrit name of the flower is Padma, and by that name it is usually known in Buddhist countries. The words *Om Mani Padma houm!* "Oh, Jewel (Precious One) in (on) the Lotus, Amen!" form the most frequent prayer of many millions of mankind. "These six syllables which the Lamas (Buddhist priests) repeat," says Koeppen, in his work on Lamaism, "form, of all the prayers of the earth, the prayer that is most frequently repeated, written and printed. They form the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words that the stammering child learns, and are the last sighs of the dying. The traveller murmurs them upon his journey; the herdsman by his flock; the wife in her daily work; the monk in his devotions. One meets with them everywhere, wherever Lamaism has established itself—on flags, rocks, trees, walls, stone monuments, utensils, strips of paper and so forth.

The Buddhists of China and Japan also greatly venerate the flower, and associate it with all the leading deities, who are represented in the images in the temples as seated upon it.

The power attributed to the Lotus is in nothing more marked than in its imagined helpfulness to the souls of the deceased. It figures in Chinese paintings of the punishment of the dead. In these pictures the deceased are represented as suffering tortures of various kinds. By their children, however, such valuable gifts are offered as to induce Kwanyin, the Goddess of Mercy, to appear upon the scene, and and cast the Lotus upon the miserable sufferers. This at once ends their punishment, and the evil spirits are unable to torment their victims any more! Such pictures are shown by the Buddhist priests to move the compassion, terrify the consciences, and open the purses of the friends of the dead.

But, notwithstanding the sacredness in which the Lotus is held, and the fables and superstitions which are associated with it, many of the Chinese largely cultivate it. The fragrant blossoms reach a diameter of ten inches, and find a ready sale. The seeds or beans are eaten as they are, or are ground and made into cakes; the fleshy stems supply a popular nourishing vegetable; while the fibres of the leaf stalks serve for lamp-wicks.

The ancient Egyptians also largely cultivated the Lotus on the waters of the Nile, the beans, the stems and even the roots being extensively used for food. The seeds of the plant were enclosed in balls of clay or mud, mixed with chopped straw, and cast into the Nile. In due season the beautiful petals appeared,



shortly followed by buds, flowers and seeds. From which practice the inspired writer enforces the duty of self-denying zeal and faith: "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."

TRUTH.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my old carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and, trying to hurry up matters, sent a lot of fruit-jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one."

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you wouldn't think of telling anything else?"

"No, I only thought I'd keep it to myself, if I can. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes"

He found it harder than he had expected to get a new situation. He walked and inquired till he felt almost discouraged, till one day something really seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, so neat and dainty that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight of a new employer ever hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man, good-humoredly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said James earnestly.

"Well I always think a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him,—Good morning, uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"Oh, ho!" he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones, you'll find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the younger man, "I think I shall keep him myself."

"Oh, mother, said James, going home after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you were right, as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that wasn't exactly so!"

"Truth is always best,', said his mother, "'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"—*Standard.*

"FOR ME."

Little Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight, neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands, and said: "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No, it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! it is for me! and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.—*Morning Light.*

PRAYER will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—*Bunyan.*

PEOPLE look at your six days in the week to see what you mean on the seventh.

MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE TELEGRAPH

George and Thomas Bates had often expressed a desire to visit the telegraph office. One day, after school, these boys went into their father's warehouse, just opposite the telegraph office, and asked him if he would be so kind as to take them to see this wonderful invention. Their father was not so occupied as to prevent his granting their request; and the next moment they were by the side of the agent, looking at the performance of the little instrument that noted down intelligence like a living thing.

The boys entreated their father to send a message to their uncle in Washington. This he consented to do; but the little machine was so busy that there was no opportunity to gratify them.

"Tic, tic, tic, dot, dot, click, click, click," went the little pointer. By and by it ceased for an instant; but just as the agent was going to put in his claim it began again. After a while their turn came The agent hurried to put in a W for Washington, and 'Ay, ay," was the reply, to let him know that his wish was attended to and the message was sent.

In the evening the boys could talk of nothing but the wonders of the magnetic telegraph.

"Is it not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of, father?" said Thomas.

"No," replied his father; "I have heard of things more wonderful.

"But, father," said George, "you never heard of any message being sent so quickly as by this means, have you?"

"Yes, I have, my son."

"And you receiving an answer as quickly?" added George.

"Yes much sooner," replied his father

"Are you in earnest, father?" said Thomas, drawing his chair close to his father, and looking eagerly in his face. "Is it possible that you know of a more wonderful way of communication than by telegraph?"

"I never was more in earnest, my son, than when I say yes to your question."

"Well, father," said George, "do tell me what it is, and in what respect it is better than the telegraph?"

"In the first place," said his father, "you do not have to wait to send your message while others are attended to; for your message can go with thousands of others, without an interruption or hinderance"

"So *that* is an improvement," said George; "for we had to wait a long time, you know"

"And in the next place," continued his father, "there is no need of wires or electricity, or machinery, to aid the mode of communication of which I speak; and what is more wonderful than all is the fact that you need not even *express* the nature of your communication, as before you do so your answer may be returned, though it is necessary that you truly and sincerely desire a favorable reception for your request Besides all this, the plan of communication of which I speak is superior to all others from the fact that you need not resort to any particular place to send your request In the lonely desert, on the trackless ocean, in the crowded city, on the mountain top, by night or by day, in sickness and health, and especially in trouble and affliction, the way of communication is open to all. And the applicants can never be so numerous that the simplest desire of the feeblest child, properly presented, shall not meet immediate attention"

"Is there any account published of this wonderful manner of communicating your wishes?" inquired Thomas.

"Yes, there is, my son; and I hope your interest will not be diminished when I tell you it is to be found in the Bible."

"In the Bible!" exclaimed both boys.

"Certainly, my sons, and if you will both get your Bibles, I will tell you where to find the passages confirming what I have said."

The children opened their Bibles, and found, as their father directed them, the twenty-fourth verse of the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which Thomas read as follows: "And it shall come to pass, that, before they call, I will answer, and while they are speaking I will hear"

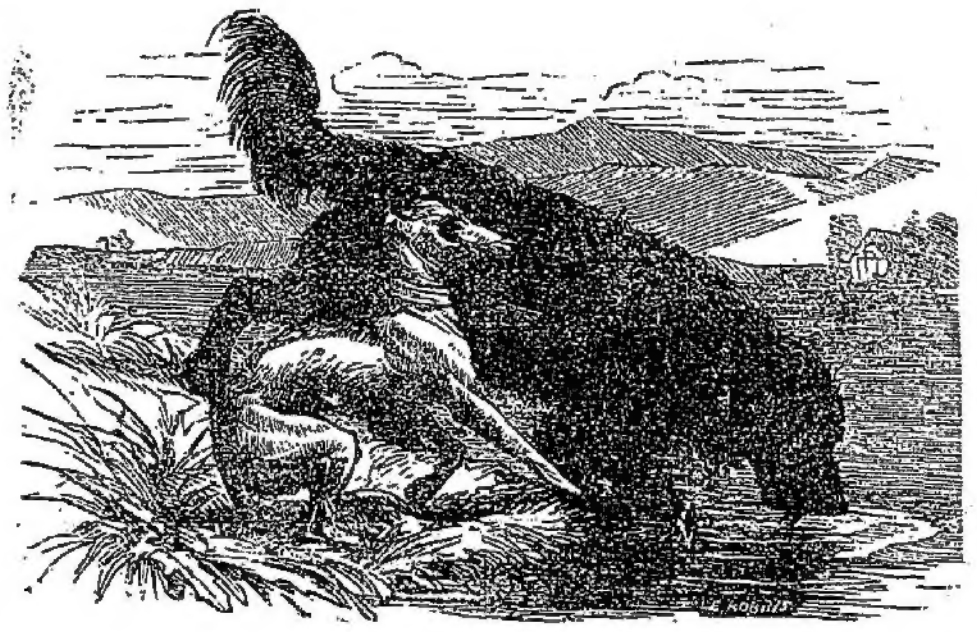
Next George found and read the ninth verse of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah: "Then shall thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say here I am."

"Now turn," said their father, "to Daniel, ninth chapter, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third verses."

"And while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin and the sin of the people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God, . . . yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, . . . being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation And informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee—"

"I see father, from these passages," said Thomas, "that you refer to prayer."

"And I am sure you will both agree with me that this mode of communication with heaven is more wonderful than any other, for by this means our desires can be immediately known to our heavenly Father, and we receive an answer."—*Standard*



MORAL.—CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS WISELY

JOHN WESLEY'S ESCAPE.

One night, a father was roused by the cry of fire from the street. Little imagining the fire was in his own house, he opened his bedroom door and found the place full of smoke, and that the roof was already burned through. Directing his wife and two girls to rise and fly for their lives, he burst open the nursery-door where the maid was sleeping with five children. They snatched up the youngest, and bade the others follow her; the three eldest did so, but John, who was then six years old. was not awakened, and in the alarm was forgotten The rest of the family escaped,—some through the windows, others by the garden door; the mother to use her own expression, "waded through the fire." Just then, John was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight; and being utterly in despair he fell upon his knees in the hall, and in agony commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and finding it impossible to escape by the door, climbed upon a chest that stood near the window, and was seen from the yard. There was no time for procuring a ladder, but one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another. And thus he was taken out A moment after the roof fell in

When the child was rescued, the father cried out: "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God He has given me all my eight children, let the house go. I am rich enough" John Wesley always remembered this deliverance with the deepest gratitude. Under one of the portraits published during his life is a representation of a house on fire, with the scriptural inquiry, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"—*Christian Intelligencer*

WOULD NOT DO FOR A LINEN MANUFACTURER.

There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work in a linen factory; and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted, to be sent out, which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!"

"I cannot, sir."

"Why?" said the master.

"Because it is wrong, sir," and and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home.

But the boy became the learned and famous Dr Adam Clark.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

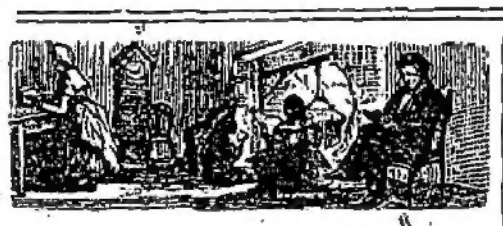
TOM'S GOLD-DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud

Tom went to college: and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust"

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold-dust!—*Sel*



The Family Circle.

THE TWO GATES.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn, and spent crept down a shadowed vale;
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
The path was rugged and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet in the mountain side,
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied,
And tottering toward it with fast-failing breath,
Above the portal read, "The Gate of Death."

He could not stay his feet that led thereto;
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair;
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
And lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned;
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lustreful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, and strife,
Above the portals read, "The Gate of Life."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE SPRAG BOY.

BY HELEN D. WILLIAMS.

(*American Sunday-School Union.*)

CHAPTER XI.—MELODEON.

Joseph prayed very earnestly before he dared trust himself at the shaft the next Sunday. It was a solemn thing to stand up before those boys. His work increased in its demands as he went on with it. Many of the boys could read, and Testaments were needed; and besides, if there were only hymn books, they could learn some hymns.

Joe's head was very full of plans as he went home the second Sunday from his little meeting.

"We must have some books," he said to himself. "What are one or two Bibles among so many scholars."

If the good people down at the church had known of the necessity, I am sure they would have been quick to relieve it, but *they did not know.* Mr. Macaffie had sent messages of encouragement and sympathy to Joseph, but he had no idea that he was reading the Bible to so many boys. Joseph never thought of asking the church people to send them books, but another plan came to him. First, he put it out of his head resolutely. Then he took it back and turned it over and over, and shook his head and sighed, and said "I won't," and then more mildly, "I can't," and finally he went to Lina with it.

"Lina," said he, "that Latin dictionary of mine cost a good deal of money."

"Yes, it did," said Lina, "but it's a very valuable book."

"I know it," answered Joseph, "but do you suppose you could exchange it at the book store for Testaments?"

Lina looked surprised. "Perhaps I could," she answered. "You can't use it now," she added, reflectively, "and you could use the Testaments."

"I've got to have the Testaments, you mean," said Joe, testily.

Giving up this lexicon was a sore trial to him. Lina was not a quarrelsome person, so the two were soon discussing amicably how many books it was likely could be obtained for the dictionary.

"Six will do," said Joseph, "for I shall not let the boys take them home at present, and two can look over together; and Lina, we must have some singing-books. Perhaps you can get a few cheap ones."

Lina promised to make the best bargain possible, any Joe secretly kissed his beloved lexicon as he bade it a regretful adieu. The next day Lina took a trip down street with a very large bundle, and when Joe came home that night six nice Testaments lay upon the table and six hymn-books with paper covers.

"You're a jolly girl, Lina," said Joe, with sparkling eyes.

"Those books have 'Around the Throne,' in them," said Lina. "I chose them instead of another kind, because you said the little boy liked that song."

What a sensation it made when Joe brought his new purchases to the shaft the next Sunday! When the hymn-books were taken out, little John Raney clapped his small hands with delight. Every week the school was growing more orderly. Its services were very simple. First all rose and repeated the Lord's prayer reverently—most of the boys knew it perfectly now; then Joe read aloud some story from the Bible trying to apply its teachings to their lives as best he knew how. Afterward each boy was asked to read a few verses from the Testament. Last of all came the hymn-books, but with these they made very sorry work.

"If we could once all fetch up together," said Dick Fraley, who was making his best endeavors, and looked very much disturbed.

I am sure no one could possibly have guessed what tune they were singing; and as Joe struggled on, he became more and more convinced that the fault was in the leader.

"Boys," he said at last, laying the book down, "we're having a bad time of it, but you mustn't get discouraged. I'm afraid I'm not much of a singer, but I know some one that is. If it were not for one thing, I would ask the person to come and teach us; but I'm afraid you wouldn't behave well, and the person would get frightened."

All the boys promised solemnly to do their best, and Joe said he would see about it.

"Lina," said Joseph that night, "there is nobody to lead our singing."

"That's a pity," said Lina.

"Well, what shall we do about it?" asked Joseph.

"There must be some way," Lina answered.

"I know a way," said Joe.

"Why don't you do it, then?" said his sister.

"Because I don't know whether I can," replied her brother. "You can sing, Lina," he continued.

"Some," responded Lina.

"Well, then, you can come down to the shaft and help us."

"Oh, I cannot!" Lina turned quite pale. "I should be afraid of those boys."

"They wouldn't hurt you," Joseph answered, encouragingly, "they promised to behave.

"You did not tell them I would come!" exclaimed Lina.

"No, not exactly. I told them I knew of some one who if she—if the person wasn't afraid, and they all promised to behave like gentlemen."

Lina looked very thoughtful, and presently she consulted her mother.

"I think girls must take up crosses sometimes, as well as boys," said Mrs. Ruff, smiling; and after that Lina by degrees made up her mind.

"Joe," she said at last, "I think perhaps I could do it if I had my little melodeon to help me."

"Lina's melodeon was a small affair, but it made very sweet music under the touch of her skilful fingers.

Joe took this idea into consideration, and announced his conclusion.

"It's such a dot of a thing, we might carry it with us in the little four-wheeled cart."

"Would it be right to do that on Sunday?" his sister asked.

The children went to their mother, who thought if the melodeon should be made all ready the night beforehand, there would be no wrong in drawing it quietly behind them to the shaft, where it would help them so much to praise God.

"And the cart will be very good to carry the books in," said Joseph. "They are almost too heavy to take in my hands."

So on Saturday night the melodeon was lifted into the little cart and the Testaments were placed carefully beside it, and when Sunday afternoon came, Joe and Lina drew their load carefully down the yard and out into the street.

"I'm so glad you're going, Lina," said Joseph. "Won't the boys be surprised!"

And so they were surprised, when Lina and her little melodeon came in sight. They looked on with admiring wonder while Joseph, with Dick's help, lifted it from the cart and placed it before the desk in the office. Lina was dreadfully frightened at first, but playing a little prelude quieted her, and then they all sang "Around the Throne." It was wonderful how much better it sounded than on the last Sunday. They tried several other hymns with very good success, and just before the school closed they sang "Around the Throne" over again, and it was really beautiful. Joe thought a shadow fell across the room several times, and at last, looking up suddenly, he saw the face of the superintendent looking in at the window. Being caught peeping the man came around to the door.

"I thought I would come up and see that there wasn't no goings on," he said, apologetically. "That there was right good singin'."

The school had closed now, and Joe wanted to ask him to come again, but felt afraid. He thought also about offering him a Testament, but he did not venture to do that either. However, as he walked home beside Lina, drawing the melodeon, he put up a prayer for his rough master.

Lina went again to the shaft Sunday-school the next Sunday, and more hymns were learned. Joe thought nothing seemed to soften his restless pupils so much as the beautiful songs. The face of the superintendent did not appear again at the window, but when the meeting was over and Joe and Lina had locked up the office and were going away together, they saw the figure of the superintendent disappear among the shaft-buildings.

"I believe it must be the singing that makes him come there," said Joseph. After that Lina went regularly to the shaft every week.

A change was coming over Dick Fraley. Joe noticed it, though he was not often with him. He was growing very quiet, and his voice was no longer heard among the quarrelsome groups in the streets. His face too, was several shades lighter, besides being more pleasant in expression, and he began to wear collars and cuffs at Sunday-school.

"You see," he explained to Joseph, "I never drank much, but I used to spend a good bit of money a goin' round with the fellows, and I've been hankerin' after some better clothes lately."

Joe told him that he looked first rate in a collar. Sometimes Joe caught Dick's eye fastened upon him with a wistful expression as though he had it in his mind to speak of something; but Joe was not very quick at reading people's thoughts, and Dick was slow at talking.

One Sunday the school had been more quiet than usual. The Bible reading was all finished, and there came a little silence before the last hymn was given out. Joe looked up in surprise as Dick Fraley rose to his feet slowly. What a deep stillness fell upon the room, as every face was turned toward him!

"Fellows," he said, speaking laboriously, "I've broke company with Satan, and I'm a trying to follow after King Jesus. I thought I'd like to let you know it."

Dick sat down again, and Joe's face flushed and paled with deep emotion. There was the faintest possible stir in the corner and little John Raney stood up and turned his face toward Joseph while he said earnestly:

"I'm trying, too."

Joe trembled. He did not dare to break the solemn silence. He felt that God had come down from heaven, and that his presence filled the house. Lina bowed her head upon the melodeon. Joe rose and the school stood reverently with him, while they repeated the Lord's Prayer together. Then Joe added a few humble, faltering words, thanking God and praying that Dick's words might become the words of every one in the room. The boys went out silently, and Dick and Joseph lifted the melodeon into the waggon. Then Lina sat upon the steps and waited while Joe went back with Dick and John Raney, and they three held a prayer-meeting and claimed the promise where two or three are gathered together.

"Joe," said Lina on the way home, "if you had not gone to work in the coal mine, Dick might not have become a Christian."

"Oh, Lina," said Joe, quickly, "I haven't done anything at all. It is God that did it."

"But you carried the Bibles," persisted his sister. "You gave the message."

"If we could only teach more persons," said Joseph; "there are so many, many wicked boys and men about this place, and we read the Bible to such a very few of them."

"I know it," said Lina, "and sometimes it makes me feel sad; but I think if we do steadily all the work that God appoints for us, perhaps some day he may give us more."

Joe was very thankful for the blessings that had come to his two friends, the miner boys, and the thought of it cheered him in his dull dark days in the coal mine. Yet life sometimes seemed very dreary to him. The pleasant spring was coming on again, and all the world was full of hope, but there seemed to be no hope for him. Would God always keep him at sprag-making? Would he be willing to stay there all his life? One day this question came to him like a clear, sharp message. Joseph's heart rose in resistance.

"I could not bear it," he cried, in great anguish. "It may be God's will," said a voice within. Joseph struggled with the fear that fell upon him, and his hands trembled as he held the hatchet. Again and again he tried to face the long, dark future, and his dear hopes receded from him like dissolving dreams.

"I must submit to God," he said at last, in despair; but after this came a thought that seemed to him like a new one: "God is good."

"He is good," said Joseph; "he is my Father, and he is taking care of me. I don't need to ask myself whether I would be willing to stay here all my life, because I don't know what his plans are. I only need to be willing to stay a day at a time."

So Joseph became more quiet. It was not too hard to stay that day, and he need not think about the next. While he worked these thoughts came to him. God was very pitiful. He understood all Joseph's griefs and disappointments. The great tears began to roll over his cheeks, and he felt how tender a thing is the sympathy of Jesus.

Thus, after a time, Joseph's heart was comforted, and he almost felt like singing at his work in the mine. It was a warm spring evening, and the pleasant air fanned his face as he walked home from his work, feeling calmer than for many weeks before.

(To be Continued.)

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—A TRUE STORY.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"'Fraidy! 'Fraidy!" "'Fraid of the dark." "Baby." "Coward." "'Fraid of his shadow."

The schoolhouse yard resounded with the cries, and as the boys gave vent to them they grouped themselves about a pale, timid-looking child who shrank away from them, his head bent low on his breast, and his hands clasped hard together around the trunk of a small, stunted tree against which he leaned heavily.

He made no answer to any of the questions with which he was plied, and did not even look at his tormentors, who were more thoughtless than cruel; but that their stinging taunts and merciless teasing cut him to the heart there could be no doubt, for the tears trickled down his pale, thin cheeks, and his sensitive mouth twitched nervously.

The master, who had been busy correcting some examples during the recess, and had paid no attention to the noise, now came to the door to ring the bell.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as his eyes fell upon the group about little Arthur Stevens.

"Stevens is afraid of the dark. He cuts home after school as if he was sure his shadow was chasing him," spoke up Lem Wheeler, one of the larger boys.

"Well, don't tease him about it—probably he cannot help it," said the master; and without paying further attention to the matter, called the scholars in.

Arthur Stevens entered last, and slipped into his seat very quietly, and traces of tears still on his cheeks. He tried to wipe them

away with his worn coat sleeve, fearing they would be noticed and made a subject of ridicule by the girls, who sat on the other side of the aisle. He could not deny even to himself that he was timid; but he was sorry the boys had found it out. Their cruel taunts made his heart ache, and he wondered if he was so very different from them. Did they never feel afraid when night overtook them on their way home and spread her mantle of darkness over the earth? Little Arthur could not remember when he had not felt timid. Perhaps his lack of courage was constitutional; perhaps it was due to his ill-health. At any rate, his imagination played strange pranks with the familiar objects of daily life. Cattle grazing quietly in the fields were transformed into unnatural monsters; shapeless stumps put on a semi-human form; the elongated shadows cast by the moon assumed the mien of ghostly visitants from some unquiet sepulchre; the tremulous vibrations of the foliage suggested the touch of fleshless hands; the bare boughs of trees appeared to him like bony arms outstretched to grasp him; the sighing of the wind through the forest made his heart quake with fear. For him a nameless terror lurked in the lonely country road which led from the district school-house to his home, and the air was always heavy with the sense of a palpable dread. His widowed mother, whose only child he was, had reasoned with him and tried to convince him how groundless were his fears; but in vain—he could not overcome his terror of the darkness.

Owing to the occupation of his mind with the scene at recess, Arthur could not commit his lessons to memory, and he heard with a sinking heart the order that he should remain after school to learn them.

He noticed, as the boys were dismissed that four of them, Lem and Jim Wheeler, and Sam and Jupe Norward, lingered behind engaged in a whispered discussion. That it concerned himself he could not doubt, for the boys looked back at him with meaning smiles as they finally left the school-house.

It was late before Arthur's lessons were recited to the satisfaction of the master and he was released. Then he thrust his arms into the sleeves of his threadbare coat, pulled his old cap over his eyes, and started on a run for his home a mile away. With palpitating heart, and looking neither to the right nor the left, he sped along the road, made darker still by the tall trees which lined it on either side. He had accomplished about half the distance when suddenly he was startled by the most dismal groans and piercing shrieks proceeding from a thicket just before him. Trembling with fear he tried to rush by the place, but as he came opposite it, four figures sprang into the road before him and laid heavy hands upon his shrinking shoulders. It is hardly necessary to say that they were those of Jim and Lem Wheeler, and Jupe and Sam Norward.

"We've got you now," cried Jim, "and we mean to cure you of this foolishness before we are through with you. One big scare will do you all the good in the world."

"Let me go," pleaded Arthur. "Oh, please let me go. I will be good after this. See, I will give you all my things."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and drew out his treasures, a top, a ball, and a jack-knife, bought with the small savings of many, many months of self-denial in other things.

"Keep your trash," cried Lem. "We don't care for it. Come along with us."

"But where are you going to take me?" asked poor Arthur, as he was hurried along the lonely road over which he had just come. "Please, please, dear boys, let me go home. My mother will be so worried about me."

"She'll have a chance to worry in good earnest before she sees you again," said Sam. "We're going to teach you a lesson."

"It's all for your own good," said Lem. "But we wont take any fooling. If you yell or make a fuss, we'll duck you in the frog-pond."

Poor little Arthur was too much out of breath and too much frightened to say any more or make any further protest. The school-house standing lonely and deserted under the great oak trees, was soon reached, and Jupe opened the door with a duplicate key he carried. It had fallen to his lot that week to make the fire in the stove before the rest of the scholars came, a duty which was assigned to each large boy in turn during the whole winter term, and hence his possession of the key, a circumstance which the four boys had decided was very fortunate for the carrying out of their plan to frighten Arthur.

"Are you going to murder me?" whispered Arthur hoarsely, as he was dragged into the school-house, now cold enough; for the fire had been out a couple of hours, and the November evening was raw and chill. "Oh, dear boys, do not, please do not kill me."

The four boys burst into a roar of laughter. They had no intention of murdering their victim. They simply wanted to give him a "good scare," which, they agreed, would "take the foolishness out of him for ever."

In a corner of the room was a large closet, used by the scholars as a receptacle for hats and coats during lesson hours. Toward this Arthur was dragged, and, in spite of his pleading and remonstrances was pushed in, and the key turned upon him.

He beat upon the door with his hands, and begged piteously to be let out, making the wildest promises for the future, but his tormentors only laughed at him, and left the building, closing and locking the door behind them.

For a time Arthur continued to beg for mercy and to beat upon the closet door, but realizing at last that the boys were out of hearing, and his appeals consequently useless and vain, he sank upon the floor and buried his face in his hands to shut out the ghostly visions with which his imagination had already peopled the darkness.

The four boys went home in gay spirits, laughing over their practical joke and wondering if Arther would "be such a little donkey after this." But somehow or other they did not feel so light-hearted when supper was over and they were free to amuse themselves as they liked.

Jupe, especially, felt a weight upon his spirits. He had been the originator of the plan to "cure" Arthur, and, try as he would, he could not forget the white pleading face of that little boy shut up in the school-house closet. But he did not speak of his uneasiness to Sam for fear of being laughed at.

The two boys went to bed early; but both were restless, and it was long before they fell asleep. It seemed almost morning to Sam when he was awakened by hearing his brother get out of bed. He raised himself on his elbow, and by the light of the moon saw Jupe hurrying on his clothes.

"Where are you going?" demanded Sam in astonishment.

"To let Arthur Stevens out—I can't sleep for thinking of the poor little wretch shut up in that dark hole," answered Jupe, as he pulled on his boots.

"Hold on," cried Sam, springing up, "and I'll go with you."

Both boys were soon hurrying down the road toward the school-house, Sam carrying a lantern. When about half way they descried two dark figures gliding along a little distance ahead of them.

"Who's there?" cried Sam. The figures stopped and waited for the boys to come up to them.

"Why, it's Lem and Jim!" cried Jupe. "Where on earth are you going?"

"To let Arthur Stevens out," answered Lem.

"We could not sleep for thinking of the poor little chap," said Jim as if some explanation was necessary.

"We had no key, so we concluded we'd have to break the door in," said Lem flourishing an axe.

Jim carried a lantern and a chisel, though how the latter was to be used was a mystery.

They reached the school-house standing dark and lonely among the trees. The boys shuddered as they glanced around. Jim tried to whistle a tune, but the sound died away on his lips. In utter silence Jupe unlocked the door, and they entered.

"He is very still," observed Jim, as for a moment they stood and listened.

"Perhaps he's asleep," said Lem.

"He may be dead," faltered Sam, a choke in his voice.

Jupe said nothing, but his heart beat loudly as he went forward and unlocked the closet door. What he suffered in that minute of silence only he could have told.

"Arthur!" he called in a hoarse voice, "Arthur! we've come to let you out!"

There was no answer.

"He must be lying against the door," he said, as he tried to push it open. "Boys, come and help me."

It took the strength of all four to push the door open, for Arthur's body lay against it a dead weight, as Jupe had supposed.

"He's dead!" cried Sam in a wailing voice, as Jim held his lantern high up and the light fell upon the white, deathlike face of the child on the floor. "O boys, we've killed him!"

They raised him in their arms and carried him to a bench, where they laid him down tenderly, his head resting on the coat Jupe had hastily pulled off to serve as a pillow.

"He's not dead," said Lem, putting his face close to that of the poor child. "I can feel his breath."

They all fell to work with a will then, rubbing Arthur's hands and feet, and forcing a little water between his set teeth. Jim built a fire in less time than it had ever been built by boy before, and as the blaze flickered on Arthur's face, he stirred, moaned, and, to the joy of those anxiously watching him, slowly opened his great, dark eyes.

He stared at the boys a moment as if he could not understand their presence, and then, recollection of his terrible imprisonment returning, he turned his face away from them with a low moan which smote them with self-reproach. They were profuse in apologies, to which he listened with a sad smile, speaking only once, and then to say in a broken voice,

"Never mind; I know you didn't think. It doesn't matter now; don't be worried."

How thankful they were when morning dawned! They waited until seven o'clock, and then took turns in couples in carrying Arthur to his home. Just outside his mother's gate, which could not be seen from the house, he made them put him down, saying he could walk the rest of the way.

"Don't be afraid," he said at parting; "I wont tell on you. Mother will think I stayed at uncle's all night; I sometimes do, you know; and I will say I wasn't able to go to school to-day. I am sick so much that she wont think it strange."

His voice was faint and low. He spoke with evident effort, and the boys left him with heavy hearts.

The next day Arthur's seat at school was still vacant, and Jupe went to enquire after him. He found him lying on his bed delirious with fever, and a doctor in attendance. For many weeks he was very ill, and the fear that he would die haunted the four culprits like a nightmare. How rejoiced they were when he was pronounced out of danger, and not a day passed without their visiting the cottage to leave presents of some sort or other for the invalid.

When the spring term was half through, Arthur was again in his seat at school, not persecuted and ridiculed now by his young companions, but treated with every kindness and consideration; for the example the four large boys set in their treatment of the little fellow was followed by the other scholars, who were unaware, however, of the cause of the change.

But all the loving care which was bestowed upon him did not prevent Arthur from failing very rapidly in health. With the first hot days of summer he ceased to attend school, and one day, when his four friends went to enquire after him, they found him dying.

At first he was too weak to do more than hold out his hand to them and smile; but when his mother was absent from the room a few moments, he summoned all his strength, and, raising his large, dark eyes until they rested on the faces of his young companions, he whispered softly,

"Dear boys, I never told; did I?"

These were the last words he ever spoke. He closed his eyes when they were said, and the boys kissed him softly.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WHY THE BOOK-KEEPER STOLE.

He had a wife; his salary was $2,500 per annum. But she complained; she wanted a better house, better clothes—nothing fit to go out in, no country cottage, no carriage, nor front pews, nor society; she coveted a place on the ragged edge of the select 500. She kept it up, night and day, and moaned and groaned and growled and wept.

He lacked style, also; as well as new clothes every six weeks, and various other things.

He knew how his employer made several hundred daily on the street; a thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.

So he took it, went upon the street, and won, and she got her sealskin. He took it again, and lost; more to get that back, and lost; more yet, defalcation discovered; he wears the Penitentiary check—others are going to. Beware! If you lose, society will sit down on you.

Beware! Better is a modest room up two pair of back stairs, than a cell in the Tombs; and a plain woollen jacket—rather than a pair of prison uniform pants on poor Charlie's legs.—*Graphic.*

IT ISN'T NIGHT YET.

Two ragged, hungry-looking, shelterless tramps lounged at sundown near an iron railing in the heart of a great city. They were overheard to wonder where they should spend the night. "Never Mind," at length said one, "it isn't night yet." Alas! the unnumbered needy, shelterless, hopeless souls abroad—prodigal wanderers from Father's home—who know, by dread forebodings, their coming hour of darkness and need, but who show no higher wisdom than this: "Never mind; time enough; it is not night yet." But isn't it high time to get ready for the night? For many a soul already the dark shadows begin to gather in the places where, for years, they have labored and laughed and sung in the sunlight. Whatever is to be done at all must be done quickly. The night cometh in which no man can work.—*Morning Star.*

Question Corner.—No. 4.

BIBLE STUDY.

Something that brings before me distant ages; a beautiful city; a majestic building and divinely appointed ceremonies that were wonderously significant. The object that evokes these visions was in ancient times of various shapes and substances, and was a consecrated thing.

Connected with the Bible mention are some rebellious men who dared to use it contrary to the will of God, and were smitten by a terrible judgment. There was a standing monument made of that which they had profaned. A wicked king is also spoken of whose presumption was severely punished. Among the Egyptians the article sometimes exhibits a hand, a bird's beak, &c. Several Christian bodies have the thing in use, both in America and abroad.

What is it?

What were some of the substances and shapes?

To what visions do I refer?

What are the Bible associations to which I allude?

What Christian bodies make use of the article?

What was its significance in ancient times?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Ichabod's *nephew* with King Saul had come.

2. The *third thing* carried out of Micah's home.

3. With *these* they met the king, sang, played beside.

4. A *name* that means the well of him that cried.

5. 'Twas *he* who said the words, "Thou art the man!"

6. *Thither* to cast him—this their wicked plan.

7. Aminadab's once briefly mentioned *sire*.

8. With favor satisfied is *his* desire.

9. *This*, cast into the waters, made them sweet.

10. With *this* all Israel doth the manna mete.

11. A word that *chiding* means, in Hebrew tongue.

12. Thy praise, *Hadassah*, hath been often sung.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Festus, Anna, Tabitha, Herod, El-Bethel, Rachel, Obadiah, Fortunatus, Timothy, Haman, Egypt, Felix, Ararat, Thomas, Hadassah, (Esther) Elymas, Rahab, Lois, Eunice, Samuel. Saviour.

BIBLE STUDY.

Wings. The angelic host is always represented as having wings. Among the winged heathen deities are Cupid, Psyche, Morpheus, the Furies, the Muses, &c. Dædalus, Icarus, Johnson's Rassolas, and Degen, the Watchmaker of Vienna, and others among men have vainly attempted to apply to themselves wings. The myriads of flying creatures. Birds, insects, &c. Scripture references, Psalms xvii. 8; xxxvi. 7; lxiii. 7; lxviii. 13; Isaiah xl. 31; St. Matt. xxiii. 37; Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers to the Christmas Puzzle Story have been received from Clara Folsom and Jessie Urquhart and Anna Syreen. Also from Anna Syreen answers to questions in No. 2.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.

Feb. 25, 1883.] [Acts 5: 1-11.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-11.

(Revised Version.)

But a certain man named Ananias with 1
Sapphira, his wife, sold a possession, and kept 2
back part of the price, *his wife also being*
privy to it, and brought a certain part, and
laid it at the apostles' feet. But Peter said, 3
Ananias, why hath Satan filled thy heart to
lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part
of the price of the land? Whiles it remained, 4
did it not remain thine own? and after it was
sold, was it not in thy power? How is it that
thou hast conceived this thing in thy heart?
thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.
And Ananias hearing these words fell down 5
and gave up the ghost: and great fear came
upon all that heard it. And the young men 6
arose and wrapped him round, and they car-
ried him out and buried him.
And it was about the space of three hours 7
after, when his wife, not knowing what was
done, came in. And Peter answered unto her 8
Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much.
And she said, Yea, for so much. But Peter 9
said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed
together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? be-
hold, the feet of them which have buried thy
husband are at the door, and they shall carry
thee out. And she fell down immediately at 10
his feet, and gave up the ghost: and the
young men came in and found her dead, and
they carried her out and buried her by
her husband. And great fear came upon 11
the whole church, and upon all that heard
these things.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"*Lying lips* are an abomination to the Lord."—PROV. 12:22.

TOPIC.—Lying unto God.

LESSON PLAN.—1. A FEARFUL SIN, vs. 1-4. 2. A TERRIBLE JUDGMENT, vs. 4-10. 3. A MIGHTY EFFECT, v. 11.

TIME.—A.D. 30-34, some time after the last lesson. It is impossible to determine the exact date. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

The disciples were bound together in the closest sympathy and love. They were of one heart and one soul. Those that had houses or lands sold them, so far as was necessary to meet the wants of the poor. This was not done by all, nor was it obligatory upon any. Some did this, and all who had money, even when they did not lay it down at the apostles' feet, held it subject to the need of others. A bright example of one who gave up all is recorded at the close of chapter 4. In our lesson to-day we have, in dark contrast with that, an example of pretended sacrifice and deceit, and the swift punishment with which it was visited.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. A POSSESSION—a piece of land (see v 3). V. 2. KEPT BACK—bringing a part, as if that had been the whole. BEING PRIVY TO IT—knowing of the fraud and consenting to it. V. 3. WHY HATH SATAN—the devil is a liar and the father of it. John 8. 44. TO THE HOLY GHOST—in trying to deceive the apostles, who were filled with the Holy Ghost and acted under his guidance. V. 4. WHILE IT REMAINED—he had perfect liberty to keep the land, and when sold to keep the money. He had not been required to bring any of it. WHY HAST THOU—though the lie was of Satan, it was also of Ananias. The devil can fill no heart without that heart's consent. James 4. 7. UNTO GOD—the Holy Ghost is a person and God. V. 5. FELL DOWN—God took the case into his own hand and inflicted upon him a terrible judgment. It may seem to us severe, because men do not always receive the punishment they deserve. V. 6. WOUND HIM UP—wrapped his garments about him. V. 8. SHE SAID—if Ananias only acted the lie, it was none the less a lie; we may be guilty of falsehood without speaking a word. But Sapphira boldly put it in words. V. 9. TO TEMPT—to try whether the Spirit could be deceived by a lie—a direct and impious affront to God the Holy Spirit. V. 10. SHE FELL DOWN—an awful punishment for an awful sin. V. 11, GREAT FEAR—first upon those who were present, and afterward upon all who heard of it. Doubtless it taught a needed lesson and kept others from repeating the sin.

TEACHINGS:

1. We should hate and shun a lie.
2. We may lie in act as well as in word.
3. God abhors a lie, and lying lips are his abomination.
4. God knows and sees every secret deed and thought.
5. Sin will most surely meet its punishment.

LESSON IX.

March 4, 1883.] [Acts 5: 17-32.

PERSECUTION RENEWED.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 27-29.

(Revised Version.)

But the high priest rose up, and all they 17
that were with him (which is the sect of the
Sadducees), and they were *filled with jealousy*,
and laid hands on the apostles, and put them 18
in public ward. But an angel of the Lord by 19
night opened the prison doors, and brought
them out, and said, Go ye, and stand and 20
speak in the temple to the people all the
words of this Life. And when they heard 21
this, they entered into the temple about day-
break, and taught. But the high priest came,
and they that were with him, and called the
council together, and all the senate of the
children of Israel, and sent to the prison-
house to have them brought. But the officers 22
that came found them not in the prison; and
they returned, and told, saying, The prison- 23
house we found shut in all safety, and the
keepers standing at the doors: but when we
had opened, we found no man within. Now 24
when the captain of the temple and the chief
priests heard these words, they were much
perplexed concerning them whereunto this
would grow. And there came one and told 25
them, Behold, the men whom ye put in the
prison are in the temple standing and teach-
ing the people. Then went the captain with 26
the officers, and brought them, but without
violence; for they feared the people, lest they
should be stoned. And when they had 27
brought them, they set them before the coun-
cil. And the high priest asked them, saying, 28
We straitly charged you not to teach in this
name; and behold, ye have filled Jerusalem
with your teaching, and intend to bring this
man's blood upon us. But Peter and the 29
apostles answered and said, We must obey
God rather than men. The God of our fathers 30
raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, hanging him
on a tree. Him did God exalt with his right 31
hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give
repentance to Israel, and remission of sins.
And we are witnesses of these things: and so 32
is the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to
them that obey him.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"We ought to obey God rather than men."—Acts 5:29.

TOPIC.—We must obey God rather than men.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE WRATH OF MAN, vs. 17, 18. 2. THE POWER OF GOD, vs. 19-23. 3. THE CHARGE OF THE PRIESTS, vs. 24-28. 4. THE ANSWER OF FAITH, vs. 29-32.

TIME.—A.D. 34, not long after the last lesson. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

After the terrible judgment recorded in our last lesson the apostles continued their ministry with great effect. Many miracles were wrought by them, and multitudes were added to the number of believers. These things roused the Jewish rulers to arrest the apostles and cast them into prison. Our lesson tells us what followed the arrest.

LESSON NOTES.

V 17. THE HIGH PRIEST—probably Annas. WITH HIM—in sympathy with him in this persecution. SADDUCEES—a Jewish sect which denied the resurrection and future life. If Christ had indeed risen, as the apostles declared, this doctrine of the Sadducees was false: hence the bitterness of their opposition. V 19. OPENED THE PRISON DOORS—the eyes and ears of the keepers being supernaturally dulled. V. 20 Go—they were released, not for concealment and flight, but to go back to the very spot where they were arrested. THE WORDS OF THIS LIFE—salvation through the crucified and risen Christ—the very doctrine that had roused the wrath of the priests and Sadducees. V 21. CAME—to the place of meeting. THE COUNCIL—the Sanhedrim. SENATE—the elders of the people, men of age and influence. V. 22. THE OFFICERS—the attendants who executed the orders of the Sanhedrim. V. 23. SAYING—these particulars showed that the prisoners had not escaped by the neglect of the guard. V. 24. CAPTAIN OF THE TEMPLE—of the temple guard. WOULD GROW—what the result would be. V. 25. BEHOLD—the apostles had not fled, nor were they skulking in silence, they were at their work. V 26. WITHOUT VIOLENCE—the people were not on the side of the apostles. V. 28. STRAITLY—strictly, expressly. IN THIS NAME—the name of Jesus. THIS MAN'S BLOOD—you mean to fix on us the crime of putting to death an innocent man. V. 29. OBEY GOD—God commanded them to preach Jesus, the rulers forbade it. Revised Version, "We MUST obey God rather than men," expressing not more duty, but necessity. V. 31. EXALTED—lifted up to honor, as ye lifted him up to shame. WITH HIS RIGHT HAND—by his power. PRINCE—as having authority, and so to be obeyed. SAVIOUR—as using his authority to give salvation—"able to save to the uttermost." Heb. 7:25.

TEACHINGS:

1. God can easily deliver his servants from any danger.
2. Angels are God's messengers to minister to his people.
3. What God commands we should do, even if it bring trouble or danger.
4. Christ gives penitence, as well as pardon to the penitent.
5. We should always be witnesses for Christ.

HOI MU'S STORY.

AS TOLD BY HERSELF.

Hoi Mu is now the matron of an orphanage sustained by the American Methodist Episcopal mission in Foochow, China. Here is her story:

"Hoi Mu, your face always looks happy. Have you had such a cheerful face all your life?"

She answered, "Alas, no! A happy face is the result of a happy heart, and my happy heart only came to me fourteen years ago. Before that, from the day I was born, an unfortunate girl-baby, my life was full of sorrow. My father died before I was born, and left my mother with two little daughters and no son. The neighbors comforted my mother by telling her I would be a son; but, when I was born, my mother's disappointment and vexation were so great that she sank in a swoon, and lay as one dead for a day and a night.

"When I was three months old, my mother gave me away to a woman who wished to raise me to become a wife for her little son. In this new home they were not unkind to me; but, when I was only a few years old, there was great scarcity of food through all the province, on account of drouth, and for months and months I never knew what it was to have enough to eat. I was often sick and all my recollections of these childhood years are of almost constant misery and suffering.

"When I was fourteen years old, the boy I was to have married died. Then there was no more need for me in that family; and they, being very poor and greatly in need of money to procure food for themselves, were glad to dispose of me for $50 by betrothing me into a family in the mountains. The son in this family, whose wife I was to become, was a tailor, and twenty-one years older than myself. I was married to him when I was eighteen years old, but, oh! I was very unfortunate. Our children, one after another, were born and died, only living to be a few months or a year old. The neighbors all said I was possessed of an evil spirit, whose blighting influence was seen in the destruction of my children. I worshipped the idols with more zeal than ever. I hired a woman to embroider a pair of shoes for the mother goddess; and, with incense and candles to burn before her, I carried them to the temple where she sat, and put them upon her feet, and took in exchange the older pair she had been wearing, and carried them home and hung them in my bedroom, thinking I would thus curry her favor and protection into our home. We were poor, and could ill afford this expense for incense and offerings; but I would go without food rather than fail to fulfil my vows.

"At that time I had only one child, a boy, the only one of eight who lived. Another daughter was born, but in a few days died; and I took a neighbor's little girl-baby, and nursed her to be a wife for my boy. She was three years younger than he. When she was four years old, my last baby was born, and three months afterward my husband died. Then followed such a struggle for food, for I was weak and all broken down in health.

"I worked hard from daylight till dark, cutting wood, and carrying it in bundles several miles down the mountain-side to the north gate of the city, where I sold it for a few cash, with which I bought rice for my three precious little ones depending on me. As time passed on, they were well and thriving, and I was hopeful and contented. But when my girl was three years old, she took small-pox and died, and again I bewailed my unhappy lot; but I had no time to give way to my grief. Two little ones were still calling to me for food, and the rainy season was coming on, when I must have a peck of rice ahead or suffer hunger. Indeed, many times I had nothing but a drink of the watery gruel off the boiling rice to satisfy my hunger, that I might leave the rice for my children.

"Sometimes when it rained many successive days, a kind neighbor gave me work to do indoors; and often he hired me in planting and harvest time, paying me three cents a day and my food. When my boy was sixteen years old, he was no longer a child, and under the protecting care of the mother goddess; so, with incense and thank-offerings, I carried to her another new pair of shoes, and also returned the old ones, placing them by her side, that some other unfortunate mother might carry them home with her.

"It was about this time that I first heard of Christianity. A missionary came to my village and preached the 'Jesus doctrine,' and two of my neighbors believed, and told me that this Jesus religion was what I needed; and I no sooner heard it than I believed, and immediately took down and destroyed those worthless idols on which I had leaned so long in vain. Happiness came to my poor heart, and I was the first woman in the village to ask for baptism and admission to the church. That was fourteen years ago, I have had many trials since, but I have had the joy of the Lord in my heart all the time. Only about thirty adults of our village are Christians, and during my vacation I want to do all I can to get them to leave their idols and learn of Jesus.

"I am joyful in prospect of my heavenly home. I am trusting the Lord in everything, and trying to do all the good I can. My family all love the Saviour."—*Mission Dayspring.*

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

The *Messenger* has done very well this year and shows a fair advance in circulation. But we look to the spring and summer time for a still greater advance. Our pictures are taking very well this year. One is given for each new subscriber sent us. The names and descriptions of these pictures are given in the last column on this page. We give below portions of some of the letters we have had concerning them.

MILLSTREAM, Kings, N.B., Jan. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIRS:—The pictures duly received and I have pleasure in stating that I consider them very beautiful—that the trouble taken in getting up the club has been fully repaid. The paper is all that can be desired.

FRED P. GOOD.

PARIS, Jan., 20, 1883.

DEAR SIRS:—I received the pictures you so kindly sent me. I am well pleased with them, for which accept my sincere thanks.

WM. J. GRAHAM.

LENNOXVILLE, Jan. 18, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—I received the pictures safely, and I am well satisfied with them.

NELLIE BOWK.

HOUGHTON CENTRE, Jan. 17, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am highly pleased with the pictures thanking you kindly for them.

CHARLES MILLARD.

1.—THE INFANT MOSES. This beautiful and celebrated picture by De La Roche shows in the foreground Moses, a chubby little baby, lying in his cradle made of bulrushes. He is a beautiful, lively, little fellow with eyes wide open, and looking seriously, as if before them were passing all the events of his future history. If the original Moses were but half as interesting in appearance as this picture represents him to be, it is no wonder that Pharaoh's daughter took such an interest in him. Just behind the cradle and half hidden in the reeds that are growing on the bank, stands his sister Miriam looking earnestly across the river.

2.—THE BUGLE CALL AFTER THE BATTLE, is a scene of a different nature. On an eminence in the field where the battle had been fought is the bugleman on horseback sounding the call to form into line. The horses of a cavalry brigade hearing the call, of themselves respond and gallop into line, some of them wounded, some of them unwounded, but all riderless. It is a touching picture—and an animal counterpart of the Roll Call.

3.—LASSOING WILD HORSES is another exciting horse picture. The herd of wild horses are dashing down a slope pursued by the Mexican rangers who are throwing the lasso around the necks of some of them. There is life in every line of this picture.

4.—"SIMPLY TO THY CROSS I CLING." This is an old favorite. Most of our readers have seen it in one form or another. The cross surrounded by a flood of light, the figure clinging to it with upturned face full of hope, the waves dashing against the rock on which the cross stands, and the dark hand pulling away the piece of wreck that might have been a support. But holding to the cross she is secure—safe above the dashing waves.

5.—HARBOR SCENE AT NIGHT.—This is one of the most striking of all. It cannot be described. The play of light and shadow is exquisite.

6, 7.—AT HOME IN CAPTIVITY. This pair of pictures represents the orang-outang first in his native jungle as ferocious an animal as well can be imagined and in his cage in the menagerie having a grand frolic. This pair of pictures will just suit the boys.

8.—AFTER DUCKS. This represents an Irish spaniel dashing through the reeds after a duck and makes a very pretty picture.

9.—GOING TO SCHOOL is a very pretty picture of a Normandy peasant girl dressed in the picturesque costume of her country with books and basket going to the school.

10.—PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS.—This excellent portrait we presented last year to subscribers of the *Witness* on certain conditions.

WHO CAN GET THESE PICTURES? Everybody who sends one new subscription to the *Messenger* will receive one of these pictures neatly done up in a roll so that it will not be creased or in any way injured; and a picture will be sent for every new subscriber obtained. The subscriptions of *Two Old Subscribers* in addition to one's own will count as one new one.

CLUB RATES.

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